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VOL XXXVII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1900. NO. 6

Official Directory.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evenings, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
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St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrave, pastor. Mass at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday

North Evangelical Lutheran—P. E. NORDGREN, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening services at 7:45. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Week services every alternate Tuesday at 7 o'clock.

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THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The following week Calvary church held a meeting. It was one of the most remarkable things ever held by the members. In that meeting Mr. Winter spoke, to the surprise of nearly all, advised caution and deliberation in the minister's action up to a certain point. The result was a condition of waiting and expectancy rather than downright condemnation of the proposed action on Philip's part. It would be presenting the church in a false light to picture it as entirely opposed up to this date to Philip's preaching and ideas of Christian living. He had built up a strong fortress of admiring and believing members in the church. This stood, with Mr. Winter's influence, as a breakwater against the tidal wave of opposition now beginning to pour in upon him. There was an element in Calvary church conservative to a degree and yet strong in its growing belief that Christian activity and church work in the world had reached a certain crisis which would result either in the death or life of the church in America. Philip's pleading and strong bound this feeling. His last move had startled this element, and it wished to wait for developments. The proposal of some that the minister be requested to resign was finally overruled, and it was decided not to oppose his desertion of the parsonage, while the matter of reduction of salary was voted upon in the negative.

But feeling was roused to a high pitch. Many of the members declared their intention of refusing to attend services. Some said they would not pay their pledges any longer. A few visiting friends, however, rebelled in favor of Philip, and the action of the meeting was formally sent him by the clerk.

Meanwhile Philip moved out of the parsonage into his new quarters. The daily paper, which had given a sensational account of his sermon, laying most stress upon his voluntary proposition referring to his salary, now came out with a column and a half devoted to his carrying out of his determination to abandon the parsonage and get nearer the people in the tenements. The article was widely copied and various-ly commented upon. In Milton his action was condemned by many, as foretold by some. Very few seemed to understand his exact motive. The majority took it as an eccentric move and expressed regret in one form and another that a man of such marked intellectual power as Mr. Strong seemed to possess lacked balance and good judgment. Some called him a crank. The people in the tenement district were too much absorbed in their sufferings and selfishness to show any demonstration. It remained to be seen whether they would be any better touched by him in his new home.

So matters stood when the first Sunday of a new month came and Mr. Strong again stood before the church with his Christ message. It had been a wearing month to him. Gradually there had been growing upon him a sense of almost isolation in his public work. He wondered if he had interpreted Christ aright. He probed deeper and deeper into the springs of motive that moved the nineteenth century church in the light of the search-light of a perfect life.

Philip started at the odd remark, then recollected that the old man had once been wealthy, and sometimes in his half dazed condition Philip thought probably he confounded the hardships surroundings with his once luxurious home. He lingered a moment, and the man said, as if speaking to himself, "If they do not renounce all they have, they cannot be my disciples."

"Good night, Brother Man," replied Philip as he went out.

"Good night, Christ's man," replied his guest. And Philip went to his rest that night, great questions throbbing in him and the demands of the Master more distinctly brought to his attention than ever.

Again, as before when he rose in the morning, he found that his visitor was gone. His eccentric movements accounted for the sudden disappearance, but they were disappointed. They wanted to see their guest again and question him about his history. They promised themselves he would do so next time.

The following Sunday Philip preached one of those sermons which come to a man once or twice in a whole ministry. It was the last Sunday of the month and not a special occasion. But Burke had surged into his thought the meaning of the Christian life with such unquote Bible power that his sermon reached hearts never before touched. He reminded at the close of the service to talk with several young men who seemed moved as never before. After they had gone he went into his room to see Burke back of the platform to get something he had left there and to his surprise found the church sexton kneeling down by one of the chairs. As the minister came in the man rose and turned toward him.

"Mr. Strong, I want to be a Christian. I want to join the church and lead a different life."

Philip clasped his hand, while tears rolled over the man's face. He stood and talked with him and prayed with him, and when he finally went home the minister was convinced it was as strong and true a conversion as he had ever seen. He at once related the story to his wife, who had gone on before to get dinner.

"Why, Philip," she exclaimed when he told the sexton wanted to be baptized and become with the church at the next communion, "Calvary church will never allow him to unite with us."

"Why not?" asked Philip in amazement.

"Because he is a negro," replied his wife.

Philip stood a moment in silence, with his fist in his hand, looking at his wife as she spoke.

CHAPTER XV.

"Well," said Philip slowly as he seemed to grasp the meaning of his wife's words, "I do not see why Calvary church should not receive him. Don't you think so, Sarah?"

"I don't know, Philip. Yes, I think it best things for both parties as long as he ought to feel that way."

"And in the matter of the sexton, Sarah, wouldn't Christ tell Calvary church that it should admit him to its membership? Would he make any distinction of persons? If the man is a Christian, thoroughly converted and wants to be baptized and unite with Christ's body on earth, would Christ, as pastor, refuse him admission?"

"There is a great deal of race prejudice among the people. If you press the matter, Philip, I feel sure it will meet with great opposition."

"What is not the question with me. Would Christ tell Calvary church that the man ought to be admitted? That is

"Brother Strong, I'm afraid the church will object."

the question. I believe he would," added Philip, with his old sudden grasp of practical action. And Mrs. Strong knew that settled it with her husband.

It was the custom in Calvary church for the church committee on new names for membership to meet at the minister's house on the Monday evening preceding the preparatory service. At that service all names presented by the committee were formally acted upon by the church. The committee's action was generally considered final, and the voting was in accordance with the committee's report.

So when the committee came in that evening following the Sunday that had witnessed the conversion of the sexton Philip had ready a list of names, including several young men. It was a very precious list to him. It seemed almost for the first time since he came to Milton as if the growing opposition to him was about to be checked and finally conquered beneath a power of the Holy Spirit, which in the daily prayer might come and do the work which he alone could not do. That was one reason he had borne the feeling against himself so calmly.

Philip read the list over to the committee, saying something briefly about nearly all the applicants for membership and expressing his joy that the young men especially were coming into the church family. When he reached the sexton's name, he related simply the scene with him after the morning service.

There was an awkward pause then. The committee was plainly astonished. Finally one said: "Brother Strong, I'm afraid the church will object to receiving the sexton. What is his name?"

"Henry Roland."

"What, he has been sexton of Calvary church for ten years," said another, an older member of the committee, Deacon Stearns by name. "He has been an honest, capable man. I never heard any complaint of him. He has always minded his own business. However, I don't know how the church will take it to consider him as an applicant for membership."

"Why, brethren, how can it take it in any except the Christian way?" said Philip eagerly. "Here is a man who gives evidence of being born again. He cannot be present tonight when the other applicants come in later owing to work he must do, but I can say for him that he gave all evidence of a most sincere and thorough conversion. He wishes to be baptized. He wants to unite with the church. He is of more than average intelligence. He is not a person to thrust himself into places where people do not wish him—a temperate, industrious, modest, quiet workman, a Christian believer asking us to receive him at the communion table of our Lord. There is no church for his own people here. On what possible pretext can the church refuse to admit him?"

"You do not know some of the members of Calvary church, Mr. Strong, if you ask such a question. There is a very strong prejudice against the negro in many families. This prejudice is especially strong just at this time owing to several acts of depredation committed by the negroes living down near the railroad tracks. I don't believe it would be wise to present this name just now." Deacon Stearns appeared to speak for the committee, all of whom murmured assent in one form or another.

"And yet" said Philip, roused to a sudden heat of indignation, "and yet what is Calvary church doing to help to make those men down by the railroad tracks any better? Are we concerned about them at all except when our coal or wood or clothing is stolen or some one is held up down there? And when one of them knocks at the door of the church can we calmly and coldly shut it in his face simply because God made it a different color from ours?" Philip stopped and then finished by saying very quietly, "Brethren, do you think Christ would receive this man into the church?"

There was no reply for a moment. Then Deacon Stearns answered: "Brother Strong, we have to deal with humanity as it is. You cannot make people all over. This prejudice exists, and sometimes we may have to respect it in order to avoid greater trouble. I know finally the church who will certainly withdraw if the sexton is voted in as a member. And still," said the old deacon, with a sigh, "I believe Christ would receive him into his church."

Before much more could be said the different applicants came, and as the custom was, after a brief talk with them about their purpose in uniting with the church and their discipleship, they withdrew, and the committee formally acted on the names for presentation to the church. The name of Henry Roland, the sexton, was finally rejected unfavorably, three of the committee voting against it, Deacon Stearns and Philip voting with the minority to present the sexton's name with "blackballs."

"Now, brethren," said Philip, with a sad smile, as they rose to go, "you know I have always been very frank in all our meetings together, and I am going to ask you to present the sexton's name to the church. To-day might not let the church vote on it in spite of the action of the committee. You know we have only advisory power. The church is the final tribunal, you and I are but its servants. I am not satisfied and I don't know the best way of the church today, but I would do most of the church members a favor if they would vote on the sexton's name tonight. Every one present shuffled it to accomplish inaction. Then hands began to go up. Philip counted them, his heart beating with a gush as he foresaw the coming result. He waited a minute or second to any like several moments and then said, "All those opposed to the admission of the applicant signify it by the same sign."

A few there was the same scraping, rebellious noise. Then half a dozen hands went up in front of Philip's breath. Instantly from almost every part of the house hands went up in numbers that almost startled those who had voted in favor of admission. From the gallery on the sides, where nearly all of Philip's workmen friends sat, arose. It was slight, but heard by the entire congregation. Philip glanced up there, and it instantly ceased.

Without another word he stepped down from the platform and began to read the list of those who had been received into church membership. He had almost reached the end of it when a person whose name was called last rose from his seat near the front, where all the regularly received members were in the habit of sitting together, and, turning partly around so as to face the congregation and still address Philip he said:

"Mr. Strong, I do not feel as if, for what has taken place here this evening, I could unite with this church now. This man who has been received into church membership is the son of a woman born into slavery on the estate of one of my relatives. That slave woman once nursed her master through a terrible illness and saved his life. This man, her son, was then a little child. But in the strange changes that have gone on since the war the last of the old master has been reduced to poverty and obliged to work for a living. He is now in this town. He is this very day lying upon a sick bed in the tenement district. And this black man has for several weeks out of his small earnings helped the son of his mother's master and cared for him through his illness with all the devotion of a friend.

"I have only lately learned these facts. But knowing them as I do and believing that he is as worthy to sit about this table as any Christian here, I cannot reconcile the rejection with my own purpose to unite here. I therefore desire to withdraw my application for membership here, Mr. Strong. I desire to be baptized and partake of the communion as a disciple of Christ simply, not as a member of Calvary church. Can I do so?"

Philip replied in a choking voice, "You can." The man sat down. It was not the place for any defense, structed that according to the constitution of the church he was duly elected. The meeting then went on in the usual manner characteristic of preparatory service. The sexton had been present in the back part of the room, and at the close of the meeting, after all the rest had gone, he and Philip had a long talk together. When Philip reached home, he and Sarah had another long talk on the same subject. What that was we cannot tell until we come to record the events of the communion Sunday, a day that stood out in Philip's memory like one of the bleeding palms of his Master, pierced with sorrow, but eloquent with sacrifice.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day was beautiful and the church as usual crowded to the doors. There was a feeling of hardly concealed excitement on the part of Calvary church. The action of Thursday night had been sharply criticised. Very many thought Philip had gone beyond his right in bringing such an important subject before so small a meeting of the members, and the prospect of the approaching baptism and communion of the sexton had drawn in a crowd of people who ordinarily staid away from that service.

Philip generally had no preaching on communion Sunday. This morning he remained on the platform after the opening exercises, and in a stillness which was almost painful in its intensity he began to speak in a low but clear and impressive voice:

"Fellow disciples of the church of Christ on earth, we meet to celebrate the memory of that greatest of all beings, who, on the eve of his own greatest agony, prayed that his disciples might all be one. In that prayer he said nothing about color or race or difference of speech or social surroundings. His prayer was that his disciples might all be one—one in their aims, in their purposes, their sympathy, their faith, their hope, their love.

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Philip sat down. Every one present realized that he had announced the sudden proposal of the minister. Then hands began to go up. Philip counted them, his heart beating with a gush as he foresaw the coming result. He waited a minute or second to any like several moments and then said, "All those opposed to the admission of the applicant signify it by the same sign."

A few there was the same scraping, rebellious noise. Then half a dozen hands went up in front of Philip's breath. Instantly from almost every part of the house hands went up in numbers that almost startled those who had voted in favor of admission. From the gallery on the sides, where nearly all of Philip's workmen friends sat, arose. It was slight, but heard by the entire congregation. Philip glanced up there, and it instantly ceased.

Without another word he stepped down from the platform and began to read the list of those who had been received into church membership. He had almost reached the end of it when a person whose name was called last rose from his seat near the front, where all the regularly received members were in the habit of sitting together, and, turning partly around so as to face the congregation and still address Philip he said:

"Mr. Strong, I do not feel as if, for what has taken place here this evening, I could unite with this church now. This man who has been received into church membership is the son of a woman born into slavery on the estate of one of my relatives. That slave woman once nursed her master through a terrible illness and saved his life. This man, her son, was then a little child. But in the strange changes that have gone on since the war the last of the old master has been reduced to poverty and obliged to work for a living. He is now in this town. He is this very day lying upon a sick bed in the tenement district. And this black man has for several weeks out of his small earnings helped the son of his mother's master and cared for him through his illness with all the devotion of a friend.

"I have only lately learned these facts. But, knowing them as I do and believing that he is as worthy to sit about this table as any Christian here, I cannot reconcile the rejection with my own purpose to unite here. I therefore desire to withdraw my application for membership here, Mr. Strong. I desire to be baptized and partake of the communion as a disciple of Christ simply, not as a member of Calvary church. Can I do so?"

Philip replied in a choking voice, "You can." The man sat down. It was not the place for any defense, structed that according to the constitution of the church he was duly elected. The meeting then went on in the usual manner characteristic of preparatory service. The sexton had been present in the back part of the room, and at the close of the meeting, after all the rest had gone, he and Philip had a long talk together. When Philip reached home, he and Sarah had another long talk on the same subject. What that was we cannot tell until we come to record the events of the communion Sunday, a day that stood out in Philip's memory like one of the bleeding palms of his Master, pierced with sorrow, but eloquent with sacrifice.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day was beautiful and the church as usual crowded to the doors. There was a feeling of hardly concealed excitement on the part of Calvary church. The action of Thursday night had been sharply criticised. Very many thought Philip had gone beyond his right in bringing such an important subject before so small a meeting of the members, and the prospect of the approaching baptism and communion of the sexton had drawn in a crowd of people who ordinarily staid away from that service.

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McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE MINER, one year, $1.25; six months; three months, 25 cents.

THE MINER and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, one year, $1.50.

THE MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press, one year, $1.75.

Other rates made known on application.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $10.00 per annum, or $4.00 per inch per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra will be charged for short contracts.

Reading notices 5c per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, 7½ cts per line for first insertion, and 5 cts per line for each additional insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per year.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Cards of thanks $1.00 each, payable in advance.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each, for six insertions.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1900.

Announcements.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for delegate to the State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.
DAVID HOWELLS.
Kane, Pa., Jan. 30, 1900.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries. CHAS. A. DUKE.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for delegate to the National Convention, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries. JAMES A. McKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1900.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries of McKean county. J. M. McELROY.
Bradford, Jan. 29, 1900.

Hon. Joseph C. Sibley announces that pursuant to the call of friends in the various counties in the 27th district, he will be a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on April 7.
Franklin, Pa., Feb. 6, 1900.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce me as a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
THOS. F. RICHMOND.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 6, 1900.

Valedictory.

After over six years' service in the editorial chair of the McKEAN MINER, I now hand the pen over to another. It is not without a feeling somewhat akin to sorrow that I do this, for during this period of newspaper work I have been thrown in contact with many noble-hearted men, with whom, in a business sense at least, I must now part; and, also, the work has been in many ways very pleasant. My feeling of reluctance is materially lessened by the fact that I am able to turn the paper over to a man who is alike an able printer and a thoroughly conscientious man. After guiding the destinies of a newspaper for such a length of time, a good wish for its future welfare is only natural, and I feel that I can cheerfully recommend the new proprietor, Harry L. Backus, to the many readers of the MINER.

I part with the MINER happy in the thought that my relations with my brother editors have been of the most amicable nature. Mistakes have often occurred, 'tis true, but who has not made mistakes? It is unnecessary to state that they were not intentional, nor have I harmed any one while at the head of the MINER. In politics the freeing of the party from men whom I considered hindrances has caused me to try my utmost to accomplished that good. These were my honest convictions, and I have no apologies to offer.

My aim has always been to publish a good, clean family newspaper, one that would tend to instruct as well as give the news. How well I have succeeded in this direction the readers are best able to judge. I can only add that those who have attributed any shortcomings to the paper will remember that I have done my best, and that was the best, I could do. To those who have befriended me in so many instances I tender my sincere thanks. Though my business relations with them will cease, their deeds will always remain green in memory.

In closing, I earnestly hope that the many patrons of the MINER will continue to give it their hearty support. Its patronage at the present time is unsurpassed by any weekly in the county, which is most gratifying to the undersigned.

BURT OLSON.

Salutatory.

On Monday of this week I purchased of Mr. Burt Olson and assumed control of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, and to-day I present to the readers of this paper my maiden effort as editor of a newspaper.

Politically the MINER will be, as it always has been, Republican. I shall work for what I consider the best interests of the Republican party. I will heartily support the administration and the Republican policies of the nation, state and county, and, as I owe no allegiance to any clique or faction, in factional quarrels my only part will be to bring harmony into the ranks and either side will receive like treatment in this paper.

The MINER will always labor for the advancement of industrial interests of this county and Smethport especially by presenting to the public the vast wealth of natural advantages in this region. Smethport is growing rapidly now, and with our unlimited supply of gas and coal, which can be produced here cheaper than any other place in the United States, our excellent railroad facilities, pure glass sand rock, pure water, and health giving climate we are located at Nature's home for manufactories and there is no reason why this healthy business growth should not continue.

For the past twelve years I have devoted my time in the mechanical department of newspapers and have had some experience with the pencil, paste pot and shears, most of which has been in this office, and therefore am acquainted with a majority of the people of Smetport the patrons of this paper. I enter upon my new duties knowing that to keep up the high standard on which the MINER has been conducted in the past I have a laborous duty to perform. Hoping to furnish my patrons with a good clean family newspaper, that will merit a liberal patronage, I am at your service.

HARRY L. BACKUS.

The Kentucky legislature has made an offer of $50,000 for information that will lead to the discovery of the party who attempted to assassinate William Goebel.

St. Louis had a fire on Sunday last which did nearly $2,000,000 damage. Charles Mappes, a fireman, was killed and eight other firemen were seriously injured while on duty at the fire.

WILLIAM GOEBEL died from the effect of his wounds Saturday night. The situation in Kentucky is very trying at present and the feeling of both parties is at a fever heat, but there is some hope of a peaceable settlement of the difficulties.

At the head of these columns will be found the announcement of Hon. Joseph C. Sibley as a candidate for member of Congress in the 27th district, subject to the Republican primaries. In the past two years Mr. Sibley has demonstrated that he is honestly a Republican by his support of the administration and its policies—protection, sound money and expansion. His reputation of being the "laboring man's friend" is now more forcibly demonstrated by his espousing the cause of Republicanism.

This week Hon. Thos. F. Richmond announces that he is candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Richmond was born and has always been a resident of Smethport, with the exception of a few years spent in the West, after being admitted to the bar. In 1891 he returned to Smethport reopened a law office and built up an excellent practice. Two years ago he was chosen by the people as member from this county and his efficient labor in behalf of his constituents will undoubtedly be rewarded by a large vote at the primaries, as it is a long-standing custom to give members the second term when they have honestly performed their duty.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1900.

Without intending to do so, Senator Pettigrew paid a high compliment to the American press, when he said in effect that the reason he was making a public nuisance of himself by continually trying to use the Congressional Record, for the dissemination of treasonable literature was that the influential papers of the country, regardless of politics, were too patriotic to print stuff calculated to encourage the Filipinos to continue fighting American soldiers. The senate has been very patient with Pettigrew—much more patient than the people have been—but the limit of patience has been reached, and his talk and actions have been publicly characterized as the treason that they have been, and during the past week he has been shown that the senate does not intend to countenance the uttering of treasonable language on its floor, and the people will indorse the senate as strongly as they have already endorsed the Philippine policy of the administration, which is, under the circumstances, the only patriotic American policy.

Since Senator Lodge read that plainly-worded letter from Admiral Dewey, branding as lies all the numerous stories told about the admiral's having promised Aguinaldo independence, recognized the Filipino republic and saluted its flag, Aguinaldo's senatorial assistants have been too dazed to start a new batch of stories.

Senator Chandler, chairman of the committee on elections, has given notice that he will call up the Quay case Wednesday of this week. How soon the case will be voted upon will depend entirely upon how many senators desire to speak on the question. It is expected that most of the speaking will be done by members of the committee, who have made a study of the legal aspects of the question at issue. It seems more certain than ever that Mr. Quay will be seated.

Ex Gov. Lowry, of Minn., who is now in Washington, says there is no question of the best element in that state, regardless of political lines, endorsing the Philippine policy of President McKinley, and that if the Democrats make anti-imperialism their war cry, as he believes they will, the state will give President McKinley a phenomenal majority.

Gen. Warfield, a prominent Californian, now visiting Washington, says that nine-tenths of the people of that state favor permanent retention of the Philippines, and that when peace has been restored on the islands, and we begin to realize the possibilities of trade with the Orient, San Francisco will rival New York as a seaport.

The first volume of the report of the Philippine commission, consisting of a book of 204 pages, is now in the hands of senators and representatives. It is one of the most comprehensive reports ever sent to congress, and when the second volume is printed, which it will be inside of two or three weeks, there is scarcely a question concerning the Philippines that could be asked that a full and satisfactory answer cannot be found to in the report. The form of government recommended for the island is that of a territory, modified to meet existing conditions, which will give the islanders control of all their home affairs. President McKinley intends to send a new civil commission to the Philippines, with authority to organize local civil governments as soon as he can get the men he wants for commissioners.

The bill reported by the house ways and means committee, providing a duty equivalent to 25 per cent. of the duty paid by foreign products, is the result of a compromise between those who favored giving the island the same trade privileges as those enjoyed by the citizens of our states, and those who favored a smaller reduction of existing duties, and as such, it will probably be accepted and become a law. The senate Porto Rican committee has ordered a similar bill reported to the senate. In agreeing upon the bill, the majority of the ways and means committee reached the conclusion that Porto Rico is not, in the meaning of the constitution a part of the U. S., and can therefore be governed as a colony.

President McKinley is watching the Kentucky mix-up with interest, as most other men in Washington are. He believes in common with nearly everybody else, that Taylor was elected governor, and that he has no fair chance of fair treatment before the state court, but he doesn't believe it to be the business of the federal government to interfere with such matters, except upon the request of the regular state authorities. With the legislature in session, it alone possesses the authority to make that request, in the opinion of President McKinley and his advisors, and unless it makes it there is no probability of any federal interference in any shape in Kentucky. In the eyes of the president, this isn't a case of politics, but of law, and the strict letter of the law will be followed by the federal government. The death of Goebel has not changed the situation at the Washington end a particle.

It Used to be Cheaper But—

"Three years ago," said a Democratic merchant to a lady of our acquaintance who had just paid him 25 cents for an article, "you could have bought that for 10 cents."

"I remember that, but I couldn't get the 10 cents. Now I have paid you the quarter, and look here," and she held open her pocketbook, in which were seen several 100-cent dollars.—Clark County (Ill.) Herald.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Mr. Sibley Responds.

The Oil City Derrick published the following letter from Congressman Joseph C. Sibley, which was written in response to a call from friends in this district asking him to be the Republican candidate for Congress:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1900.

Gentlemen:—Responding to your request that I again become a candidate for Congress permit me briefly to express my appreciation of the honor you do me. The political creed that governs my actions may be briefly stated, to support every man and every measure that has for an animating purpose the welfare of society, and the upbuilding, prosperity and glory of our common country.

In a most trying period of the nation's history I believe the administration has conducted affairs with safety and with honor, having in view the welfare of all classes of citizenship. Junius wrote in one of his letters as follows: "The merits of a ministry may be best determined by observing the conditions of the people."

If this be a fair test of merit, then I believe the President is entitled to the respect, confidence and support of every man who prefers the welfare of any portion thereof under party divisions.

When a candidate for your suffrages, I pledged myself to support measures coming before Congress, regardless of political bias, and to give to their consideration the best qualities of head and heart in my possession. This pledge I have honestly and earnestly attempted to maintain. I have supported the administration because I am in sympathy with its actions of the past, the present, and its aims for the future so far as they are outlined. Any measure which in their tendency threaten present prosperity should be viewed by us all as imperiling calamities to be avoided. My duty, as I believe it to be the duty of every citizen who recalls so vividly the misery of the last few years and contrasts it with the present content and happiness of our people as a whole, it is to make a common cause, that the blessings enjoyed at the present moment shall be maintained and enlarged.

I therefore accept your call, and pursuant thereto announce myself as your candidate for Congress from the 27th district, renewing my pledges of the past, to give to you and the principles, which if I understand the aim of the Republican party at the present time, will further enhance and secure to all classes and conditions of society a more enlarged and general participation in the blessing of free government. Respectfully,

(Signed) J. C. SIBLEY.

The Fighting American Marine.

(Published by Request.)

BARCLAY H. WARBURTON,
President of The Evening Telegraph:—

"The ship has been blown up and is sinking!" These are the words, as officially reported by Captain Sigsbee, which the late "Bill" Anthony, cabin orderly on the Maine, uttered on the memorable evening on which the ill fated battleship went down in Havana harbor, wrecked by treachery. Captain Sigsbee says in his report that Anthony saluted as he conveyed this startling information, with the dignity, calmness and military precision of the perfectly trained soldier delivering a routine message. The occasion was serious, solemn, awful. It meant the loss of a proud American vessel of war whose colors had been flying but a short time before, led to war between the United States and Spain; Cuba's freedom from the Spanish yoke; Puerto Rico's acquisition to the United States, and the transfer of the far-off Philippines to Uncle Sam's jurisdiction. Geograph ical and political changes of great moment.

Anthony represented a type of the American marine. On the Maine he was the symbol of steadiness and fidelity in a sorely trying hour. Loyal to duty, fixed in purpose, calm, he illustrigly represented the United States Marine Corps, the motto of which is "Semper Fideles."

A multiplicity of articles commendatory of the army have formed a considerable portion of current literature, while the deeds of the gallant marines are only mentioned casually or when their extraordinary fighting qualities compel their recognition. This element of the military branch of the government is not well known and little understood. Nevertheless their acts, under Farragut, Porter and other naval heroes of the civil war, at Bull Run, Sumter, Fisher, New Orleans, and other places, during those trying times; their record in Koren, in the great whiskey riots, in the strike of 1877, at Alexandria, Egypt, the Panama isthmus, and only lately in Samoa, have been as brilliantly brilliant and uniformly successful.

Guantanamo brought the marines conspicuously to the front and gave practical, creditable evidence of their distinctiveness and military value. There they showed the material of which the best disciplined, most faithful soldiers are made. For seventy two hours, with no sleep, little food and harrassed by Mauser bullets to the right, left and front, day and night, the little battalion, under command of Huntington, occupied the first landing place the American forces took in Cuba, and held it against enormous odds and innumerable difficulties. Only a handful of these sturdy, determined, faithful fellows threw ashore to take and keep a landing place for the army. Huntington's force disembarked in good order, hastily intrenched themselves, and, when assailed on all sides with a galling fire, gallantly held their place in the face of the greatest danger, finally driving the enemy from its position. No more creditable chapter of courage, doggedness and physical endurance has been chronicled than that of our marines at Guantanamo. Huntington's "cable six hundred" was the first American force to plant Old Glory in Cuba and keep it flying.

The marine is trained in a severe school, where strict discipline is the watchword. He starts with the setting-up exercises, goes to the squad, from there to the company, and next to the battalion formation, and is constantly under rigorous orders.

He is taught to think for and rely largely on himself, but always to remember that "orders is orders," as one drill sergeant used to say; also, that "orders" must be promptly, honestly and fully obeyed—but as the man construes the orders, but as he was told by his officers to understand and enforce them. Admirals Farragut, Porter, and Jouett, of the older officers, and Dewey Schley, Clark, Taylor, Cook and others of the younger generation, are authority for the statement that the marine can be relied upon to do that which he is told to do by his superior under all circumstances. History justifies this remark. The marine is literal; he is determined; he strictly obeys orders. His officers are constant in seeing that he does so; and herein lies the secret of the man's intelligence and fidelity. One particular characteristic of the marine is his unfailing, never-wearying readiness for duty calls. Upon occurred that detachments of the corps have been ordered on distant service frequently on only twenty four hours notice. A special feature is that of the Panama expedition of 1885. Detachments from the five ports were collected at New York and sailed in twenty four hours—twenty officers and 500 men—not exercising a complete and in good order for service and 500 men—not exercising a complete and in good order for service and 500 men—not exercising a complete and in good order for service

The Crucifixion of Philip Strong

By Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcom Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

"Don't say anything, Mr. Strong. You did all you could, but you are just in time to see him." The sexton pointed into a small back room. "He is going fast. I didn't suppose he was so near. I would have asked you to come, but I didn't think he was failing so."

Philip followed the sexton into the room. The son of the old slave master

The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room.

was sinking rapidly. He was conscious, however, and at Philip's quiet question concerning his peace with God a smile passed over his face, and he moved his lips. Philip understood him. A sudden thought occurred to Philip. He opened the basket, took out the bread and wine, set them on the small table and said:

"Disciple of Jesus, would you like to partake of the blessed communion once more before you see the King in his glory?"

The gleam of satisfaction in the man's eyes told Philip enough. The sexton said in a low voice, "He belonged to the southern Episcopal church in Virginia." Something in the wistful look of the sexton gave Philip an inspiration for what followed.

"Brother," he said, turning to the sexton, "what is to hinder your baptism and partaking of the communion? Yes, this is Christ's church wherever his true disciples are."

Then the sexton brought a basin of water, and as he kneeled down by the side of the bed Philip baptized him with the words: "I baptize thee, Henry, my brother, disciple of Jesus, into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost! Amen."

"Amen," murmured the man on the bed.

And Philip, still standing as he was, bowed his head, saying, "Blessed Lord Jesus, accept these children of thine, bless this new disciple, and unite our hearts in love for thee and thy kingdom as we remember thee now in this service."

He took the bread and said: "Take, eat. This is my body, broken for you." In the name of the Master, who said these words, eat, remembering his love for us."

The dying man could not lift his hand to take the bread from the plate. Philip gently placed a crumb between his lips. The sexton, still kneeling, partook and, bowing his head between his hands, sobbed. Philip poured out the wine and said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, this cup is the new testament in his blood shed for all mankind for the remission of sins." He carried the cup to the lips of the man and then gave to the sexton. The smile on the dying man's face died. The gray shade of the last enemy was projected into the room from the setting sun of death's approaching twilight. The son of the old slave master was going to meet the mother of the man who was born into the darkness of slavery, but born again into the light of God. Perhaps, perhaps, he thought, who knows but the first news he would bring to her would be the news of that communion? Certain it is that his hand moved vaguely over the blanket. It slipped over the edge of the bed and fell upon the bowed head of the sexton and remained there as if in benediction. And so the shadow deepened, and at last it was like unto nothing else known to the sons of men on earth, and the spirit leaped out of its clay tenement with the wreath of the communion wine still on the lips of the frail, perishable body.

Philip reverently raised the arm and laid it on the bed. The sexton rose, and, while the tears rolled over his face, he gazed long into the countenance of the son of his old master. No division of race now; no false and selfish prejudice here. Come, let the neighbors of the dead come in to do the last sad offices to the casket, for the soul of this disciple is in the mansions of glory, and it shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the darkness of death ever again smite it, for it shall live forever in the light of that Lamb of God who gave himself for the remission of sins and the life everlasting.

Philip did what he could on such an occasion. It was not an unusual event altogether. He had prayed by many poor creature in the clutch of the last enemy, and he was familiar with his face in the tenements. But this particular scene had a meaning and left an impression different from any he had known before. When finally he was at liberty to go home for a little rest before the evening service, he found himself more than usually tired and sorrowful. Mrs. Strong noticed it as he came in. She made him lie down and urged him to give up the evening service.

"No, no, Sarah! I can't do that!. I am prepared. I must preach! I'll get a nap, and then I'll feel better," he said.

Mrs. Strong shook her head, but Philip was determined. He slept a little, ate a little lunch, and when the time of service came he went up to the church again. As his habit was, just before the hour of beginning, he went into the little room at the side of the platform to pray by himself. When he came out and began the service, no one could have told from his manner that he was suffering physically. Even Mrs. Strong, who was watching him anxiously, felt relieved to see how quiet and composed he was.

He had commenced his sermon and had been preaching with great eloquence for ten minutes when he felt a strange dizziness and a pain in his side, that made him catch his breath and clutch the side of the pulpit to keep from falling. It passed away, and he went on. It was only a slight hesitation, and no one remarked anything out of the way. For five minutes he spoke with increasing power and feeling. The church was filled. It was very quiet. Suddenly, without any warning, he threw up his arms, uttered a cry of half suppressed agony and then fell over backward. A thrill of excitement ran through the audience. For a moment no one moved; then every one rose. The men in the front pews rushed up to the platform. Mrs. Strong was already there. Philip's head was raised. Philip's old friend, the surgeon, was in the crowd, and he at once examined him. He was not dead, and the doctor at once directed the proper movement for his removal from the church. As he was being carried out into the air he revived and was able to speak.

"Take me home," he whispered to his wife, who hung over him in a horror as great as her love for him at that moment. A carriage was called, and he was taken home. The doctor remained until Philip was fully conscious.

"It was very warm, and I was very tired, and I fainted, eh, doctor? First time I ever did such a thing in my life. I am ashamed. I spoiled the service."

Philip uttered this slowly and feebly when at last he had recovered enough to know where he was.

The doctor looked at him suspiciously. "You never fainted before, eh? Well, if I were you I would take care not to faint again. Take good care of him, Mrs. Strong. He needs rest. Milton could spare a dozen bad men like me better than one like the dominie."

"Doctor," cried Mrs. Strong in sudden fear, "what is the matter? Is this serious?"

"Not at all. But men like your husband are in need of watching. Take good care of him."

"Good care of him! Doctor, he will not mind me! I wanted him to stay at home tonight, but he wouldn't."

"Then put a chain and padlock on him and hold him fast" growled the surgeon. He prescribed a medicine and went away, assuring Mrs. Strong that Philip would feel much better in the morning.

The surgeon's prediction came true. Philip found himself weak the next day, but able to get about. In reply to numerous calls of inquiry for the minister Mrs. Strong was able to report that he was much better. About 11 o'clock, when the postman called, Philip was in his study lying on his lounge.

His wife brought up two letters. One of them was from his old chum. He read that first. He then laid it down and opened the other.

At that moment Mrs. Strong was called down stairs by a ring at the door. When she had answered it, she came up stairs again.

As she came into the room she was surprised at the queer look on Philip's face. Without a word he handed her the letter he had just opened and with the same look watched her face as she read it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mausers and Lee-Enfields.

The chief distinction between the Mauser and the Lee-Enfield is this—that while the Lee-Enfield has a magazine which is inserted underneath the hoop through the trigger guard and secured by a catch and is provided with what is called a "cut off" to prevent the cartridges from rising, so that it can be used as a simple breechloader for single firing until the magazine, which contains ten cartridges, is ordered to be used, the Mauser has a magazine which, though not absolutely fixed, is only intended to be taken off for cleaning. It does not need a "cut off" to use as a single loader.

The magazine contains five cartridges, but whereas the cartridges for the Lee-Enfield have, when the magazine is charged, to be each put in separately, the magazine of the Mauser is filled at once by placing against the face of the magazine a set of five cartridges held in a clip which falls off when the cartridges have been inserted in the magazine.

Thus if each weapon were at the beginning of a fight empty, the Mauser would permit of more rapid fire because it could be loaded five cartridges at a time, while the Lee-Enfield would take, cartridge by cartridge, as long to load as a single breechloader. On the other hand, the times when a very rapid discharge of fire is desirable are not numerous, and for these the Lee-Enfield has ten cartridges ready against the Mauser's five.—Nineteenth Century.

Key, Kee, Kay.

Professor Skeat wishes to know when the pronunciation of key as kee can first be clearly detected. It occurs in Milton, "Comus," line 13:

> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity.

And a little later in Marvell's "Fleckno":

> Now as two instruments to the same key
> Being tuned by art, if the one touched be,
> The other opposite as soon replies.

These instances are curious, for both before and after this time the prevailing pronunciation was evidently kay. Herbert rhymes the word with way. In "The Secrets of Angling" (1613) culverkeys is rhymed with days. In Wither's "Mistress of Philarete" (1622), key with day. Dryden, too, and Swift have the same pronunciation, and not till I come to Green's "Spleen" (1737) do I, after an hour's search, find the other. There pleas rhymes with keys. This pronunciation must, however, have become common soon afterward.

In Duncombe's "Imitation of Gray's Elegy" it is rhymed with me, and Garrick rhymes it with flea, which would, I suppose, be pronounced then as it is now. Nares, in his "Elements of Orthoepy" (1784), says of the diphthong ey, "its proper sound should be that of the long e. This, however, is given to it only in the word key, for ley—a field—is constantly written lea."—Notes and Queries.

"More Sociable."

A lady who has recently returned from abroad had a curious experience at the little town of Dinant, in Belgium. She was traveling in a party of three, including another lady and a young man. They sought accommodation at a hotel and were shown a room in which there were three beds and on a deal table three basins and jugs about as big as slop basins and milk jugs.

The ladies explained that one room was quite insufficient for their needs, but it was a long time before they could get the hostess to understand why. They were then shown another room with three beds, three slop basins and three milk jugs and were told that they could have that, too, if they liked to pay for the six beds. It was therefore arranged that the man should have one room and three beds and the ladies the other room and three beds.

"Do you always sleep in threes?" said one lady to the hostess.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is much more sociable."—Madame.

Funny Men.

The jests of Heliogabalus were very practical. He was fond of inviting people with some physical deformity to dinner and making jokes about them. At times he would invite a dozen hunchbacks or a score of squinting ladies or an equal number of baldheads. Once he put a large number of excessively fat people, all very hungry, into a small chamber where dinner was waiting. There was no room to eat it. Another diversion of which he was fond was that of placing his guests on air sofas, so that when they were about to drink he could let the air out and have both sofa and guest collapse.

It is said that Nero, the Roman emperor, liked to "shy" nuts at the bald heads of the praetors who sat below during the performance at the theater, and they were expected to maintain their baldheaded dignity and refrain from "shying" them back at him.

Heaven Twice Found.

Now she suffers him to print a kiss upon her brow.

"This is heaven!" he says.

Two years pass now. His baby has just ceased crying.

"This is heaven!" says he.

Here we see how a man's ideals change with the lapse of time.—Detroit Journal.

Too Much Time Wanted.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Ohio State Journal.

A PLUNGE TO DEATH.

SAM PATCH'S FAMOUS JUMP OVER THE GENESEE FALLS.

The Last of a Sensational Series of Daring Feats Which Might Have Resulted Differently but For a Bottle of Brandy.

Nov. 13, 1829, Sam Patch lost his life in jumping from a scaffold 25 feet above the brink of the Genesee falls into the abyss below. He undertook to jump in all a distance of 125 feet. Of course the whole population of Rochester as well as the farmers from neighboring villages were upon the scene. The fame of Patch had for several weeks been a topic of conversation among the early settlers.

Patch was born in Rhode Island in 1807. Soon after he removed to Paterson, N. J., at which place in 1827 he was seized with the jumping mania. After giving several daring exhibitions in New Jersey he decided to try his luck at Niagara falls two years later. In October, 1827, he jumped from a shelving rock between Goat island and the gurgling waters many feet below. A few days later he startled the natives by jumping from the old Fitzhugh street bridge at dawn. He swam under the water to a convenient landing place, whereby he had much amusement in watching several boats crowded with people dragging for his body. They were startled when he called merrily to them, asking them for their wasted efforts in his behalf.

On another morning he startled a Rochester lad by jumping from the brink of the falls to the rapids below. If Patch had not reassured the boy, he would have had half of the population of Rochester dragging the water for his dead body.

With such a record it is no wonder that on the morning of Nov. 13 all the muddy roads leading to Rochester were thronged with people desirous of seeing the wonderful jumper. Even if farmers were supposedly busy in securing the last of their harvests they found time to take a day or two off in order to witness the feats of Sam Patch. Several boats brought hundreds of visitors in holiday attire from Canada, Oswego and Lewiston, Buffalo, Canandaigua and Batavia were almost depopulated on account of the exodus to Rochester. The few taverns in the city turned guests away, and many had to camp out overnight.

Notwithstanding the raw, cold weather throngs of settlers lined the banks below the falls. Although Sam said he did not feel the cold weather, he was pleased to fortify himself with a drink of brandy tendered to him by his friend, William Cochrane. Several of the spectators contributed a unique uniform. Dressed in white trousers decorated with a black silk handkerchief tied around his body, surmounted by a light woolen jacket and skullcap, Sam must have presented a grotesque appearance.

After taking another drink from the flask Sam made the following speech to the thousands of breathless spectators: "Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies, and he conquered nations. But he couldn't jump the Genesee falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies, and he conquered nations, and he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn't jump the Genesee falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it and will."

Although Sam Patch could jump the Genesee falls when he was sober, he could not do it when he felt the effects of the brandy. Owing to this fact he met his death when he took the jump. When the thousands of silent and horror stricken spectators saw Sam strike the water, they did not see him come to the surface. His descent was so unlike his previous efforts, when he shot like an arrow from a bow, that the spectators were certain that he met his doom when he reached the water and the jagged, piercing rocks beneath.

The spectators searched in vain for the jumper. The torches of the searchers along the river bank and those of the searchers who dragged the river in boats lit up the river during the long night hours. Amid the roar of the cataract the sorrowing multitude shed tears for the jolly good fellow who, like many others, loved his bottle on occasions.

Notwithstanding the rumors that Sam Patch had been seen alive in Rochester nothing was heard of him until St. Patrick's day, when his body was found in a cake of ice near the mouth of the Genesee. His remains were buried in the cemetery at Charlotte. Although it had been the ambition of his life to jump London bridge, he met his death in the Genesee. The feats of Sam Patch filled the newspapers for weeks, and although such poets as Mrs. Sigourney wrote poems dedicated to his memory no monument has been erected in commemoration of his feats.

Indeed, the event produced a profound impression upon the people of those days. On the following Sunday the preachers in Rochester and neighboring towns could not say enough against the evils of jumping. Some even went as far as Josiah Bissell, who told the pupils of the Third church Sunday school that because they saw the fatal leap they were accessories to his death and were murderers in the sight of God.—Rochester Herald.

Not Up on Stocks.

"Shakespeare may have thought he knew it all when he said, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,' but he didn't know anything about the stock market," growled the short lamb, who had loaded up at the floodtide of prices, only to be wiped out at the deep, low ebb.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Stop a Cold.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time. Take nothing else. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

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Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
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The Tearful Ethics.

In his book about Persia Curzon tells of the Lion and the Sun. In Persia says that he was once riding with the Shah's son and the conversation had passed to the [illegible] the prince asked [illegible] whether the Christians [illegible] a [illegible] Europe [illegible]

"What could you do," [illegible] "if you saw a man [illegible] of the people [illegible]

"I should have [illegible] long as the ground [illegible] putting an end [illegible]

"Ah, that was [illegible] a prince," he said. "I [illegible] and, unsheathing [illegible] the horse's mouth [illegible]

All these [illegible] they were bound [illegible]

"You don't mean [illegible] believe that?" said [illegible] out if you don't, I [illegible] in the least."

"Well, you [illegible] it."

"Upon that, the [illegible] his unanswerable [illegible] his sense and [illegible] to be quite gratified. [illegible] courtesies, of course, [illegible]

She Smoked.

A patient of one of the [illegible] oculists who treat [illegible] and things is a woman well [illegible] her work in Sunday [illegible] only. She has a record [illegible] of a number of [illegible] among the [illegible] her doctor the other day. He [illegible] her greatly by telling her [illegible] her quickly and without the use of the knife.

"But you must promise to follow my directions," said the doctor, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I promise," said the lady.

"Without qualification?" asked the physician.

"Absolutely without qualification," answered the lady.

"Well, then, you must smoke a cigarette."

The lady gasped. Visions of what might happen if she were seen with a cigarette between her teeth by any of her pupils floated before her and she almost fainted. But the doctor was inexorable. The lady followed his directions, and in a week the Lorelei growth in her nose had disappeared. But that doesn't mean that the lady is now a confirmed cigarette smoker.—United States Tobacco Journal.

Chinese Inquests.

Coroners' inquests are well known among the Chinese. One of the chief differences between their system and ours is that the Chinese doctors never dissect. In fact, Celestian have a perfect horror of dissection.

There are few things more absurd than the code of rules laid down for the Chinese coroner. In the first place he is bidden to make sure that he has a dead body before he begins his inquest. That, however, is less ridiculous than it sounds, for the leaders in Chinese is tricky and may demand an inquest on a sham deceased with a view of extorting money from some person who may be denounced as having caused the death.

The preposterous part of the code comes in with regard to the alleged signs which show the cause of death. If the deceased is supposed to have been poisoned, rice is put into his mouth and then taken out and given to a chicken. Its effect on the fowl decides the question. Most of the other methods adopted are even more absurd and fanciful, and, as a result, inquests in China do very little to prevent crime.—Chicago News.

A Mystery of the Sea.

A mystery with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless if the decks are swept at nightfall an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

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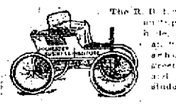

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[illegible]

"JUST DRAGGING AROUND."

[illegible] Just dragging around, when every other [illegible] God and they have work and a mission of [illegible] to accomplish in this world will [illegible] Head to action instantly [illegible] the determined [illegible] Malise Vaughan, of Tioga, Tioga County, Illinois, [illegible] years she says:

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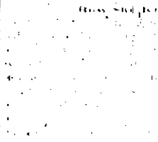

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking effect Oct. 12th, 1899.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:00 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

2:30 P. M.—Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Davis, Aikon, Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting with B. R. & P. for Buffalo and Rochester, arriving at Buffalo at 6:35 p. m. and Rochester at 8:30 p. m.—and Mt. Jewett and Kane; connecting at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Sheffield, Tionesta, Warren, Corry, Union City and Erie.

5:15 P. M.—Mail and Express daily for Ormsby Junction, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and daily except Sunday for Simpson, Davis, Aikin, Kinzua Junction and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with train 10 Erie R. R. for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 12 m. and 2:35 p. m. daily except Sunday; and at 9:05 a.m. and 6:35 p.m. daily.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pass Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

Coudersport & Port Allegany Railroad.

Time Table, takes effect Monday, Oct. 23, 1899.

AR. EAST'D.	STATIONS.	LV WEST'D.
A.M. A.M. P.M. Ar.	Dp. A.M. P.M. A.M.	
8.30 7.10 3.10	Ulysses	8.35 1.25 9.25
10.02 8.41 4.38	Crowell	7.21 12.39 7.53
7.57 0 11.56	Carpenter	6.41 9.53
7.52 7.05 11.53	Perkins	7.45 12.44 7.49
7.47 7.00 11.48	New Field Junction	7.50 12.49 7.44
0 6.55 11.45	Newfield	7.53 12.50 7.40
0 6.50 11.40	Dodge	8.00 2.56 7.35
7.15 6.43 11.33	Raymond	7.20 2.59 8.05
7.00 6.39 11.24	Seven Bridges	7.11 3.04 8.13
6.55 6.36 11.21	Coleburg	8.16 3.14 8.23
6.45 6.26 11.14	Pride's	8.25 3.24 8.35
6.33 0 11.05	Nor. Upons	0 11.31 8.50
6.30 6.15 1.00	Dp.	Ar 8.36 3.36 11.00
P.M. P.M.	Coudersport	P.M. P.M.
4.20 1.7.10 12.55	Ar.	Dp. 8.41 9.00 3.30
0 0 12.49	Hammond	0 0 0
4.05 7.34 12.46	Olmsted	8.49 9.08 3.37
3.50 7.30 12.40	Mina	8.59 9.19 3.47
3.43 0 12.33	Knowlton	0 9.25 0
3.40 7.2 12.30	Roulette	9.00 9.31 3.57
3.30 7.15 12.25	Burtville	9.08 9.39 4.05
3.25 0 12.15	Coleman	0 10.38 0
3.10 0	Chemical Works	0 0 0
3.15 7.02 12.10	Portalesan	9.21 9.50 4.17
P.M. P.M. P.M.	Den's	Arrive A.M. P.M. P.M.

† Flag Station. o Trains do not stop. ‡ Telegraph Station.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at New Field Junction with B. R. & P. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE.

On and after Jan. 1st, 1900, passenger trains leave Smethport, Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Du Bois, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburg and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—NORTH BOUND.
8.10 a.m. and 4.15 p.m.—For Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Limestone, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, Leroy and Rochester. Week days only.
3.35 p.m.—Pittsburg Flyer—Daily—For Ashford, Springville, Buffalo, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester. Week days only.
2.35 p.m. Sunday—For Salamanca and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND.
8.35 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, Du Bois, Falls Creek and Punxsutawney. We Daily except
12.54 p.m.—Pittsburg Flyer—Daily—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Du Bois, Punxsutawney, Dayton, Craigsville, Butler and Pittsburg. Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile. For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or
L. R. McCLINTOCK, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD S. LAMPSON,
Gen'l Passenger Agent
Rochester N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.
Condensed time table to take effect July 24, 1898.

Read up.		Read down.
A.M. P.M.		A.M. P.M.
8.55 7.38	12.25 ar Keating Summit lv	12.50 6.15
8.30 7.09	12.00 Austin	1.40 6.45
8.20 6.59	11.50 Costello	1.50 6.55
8.00 6.42	Wharton	2.10 7.15
6.05 10.58	Cross Fork Jct.	5.47 [illegible]
5.55 10.50	Corbett	5.54 [illegible]
5.27 10.21	Germania	6.27 [illegible]
5.20 10.15 lv	Ar	6.35 [illegible]
P.M. A.M.	Galeton	A.M. P.M.
7.00 1.00		5.00 1.00
6.47 12.47	Gaines Junc	5.20 1.20
6.11 12.11	Wesfield	5.55 1.55
5.55 11.55	Knoxville	6.17 2.16
5.46 11.46	Osceola	6.26 2.25
5.41 11.41	Tioga	6.31 2.30
5.30 11.30	Germania	6.42 2.41
P.M. A.M.	Addison ar	A.M. P.M.
P.M. A.M.		A.M. P.M.
5.00 9.55	Gaines	7.15 3.15
5.07 9.57	Wash	7.13 3.13
5.20 10.05	Newfield	7.05 3.05
5.40 10.20	West Willington	6.50 2.50
6.05 8.30	Genesee	6.35 2.35
6.05 8.30	Shongo	6.35 2.35
6.40 8.50	Wellsville ar	6.20 2.20
P.M. P.M. A.M.		A.M. P.M.
4.30 7.40 10.12 ar	Canton	lv 5.00 1.00
4.20 7.31 10.01	Grover Junc	5.10 1.10
3.00 5.20 8.45	Troy	6.45 2.45
P.M. A.M.		A.M. P.M.

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS

At Keating Summit with N. Y. & P. Division.
At Austin with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. train.
At Cross Fork Junction with C. & P. R. R.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. main station.
At Addison with B. R. & P. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N.Y.
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.
M. J. McMAHON, Pas. Agt., Coudersport, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 1. Passenger Trains.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

[illegible]

SMOKE
Spanish Statesman
5c. CIGARS.
J. A. HOLDER, Sole Agent.
Smoke King James 5-cent Cigar.